NEW
X-MEN®
MARVEL
NEW X-MEN 131
MARVEL PG
MORRISON ■ LEON ■ SIENKIEWICZ
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PÉRE LaCHAISE CEMETERY

Darkstar, our sister, is *dead.*

STAN LEE PRESENTS THE NEW X-MEN IN:

SOME ANGELS FALLING

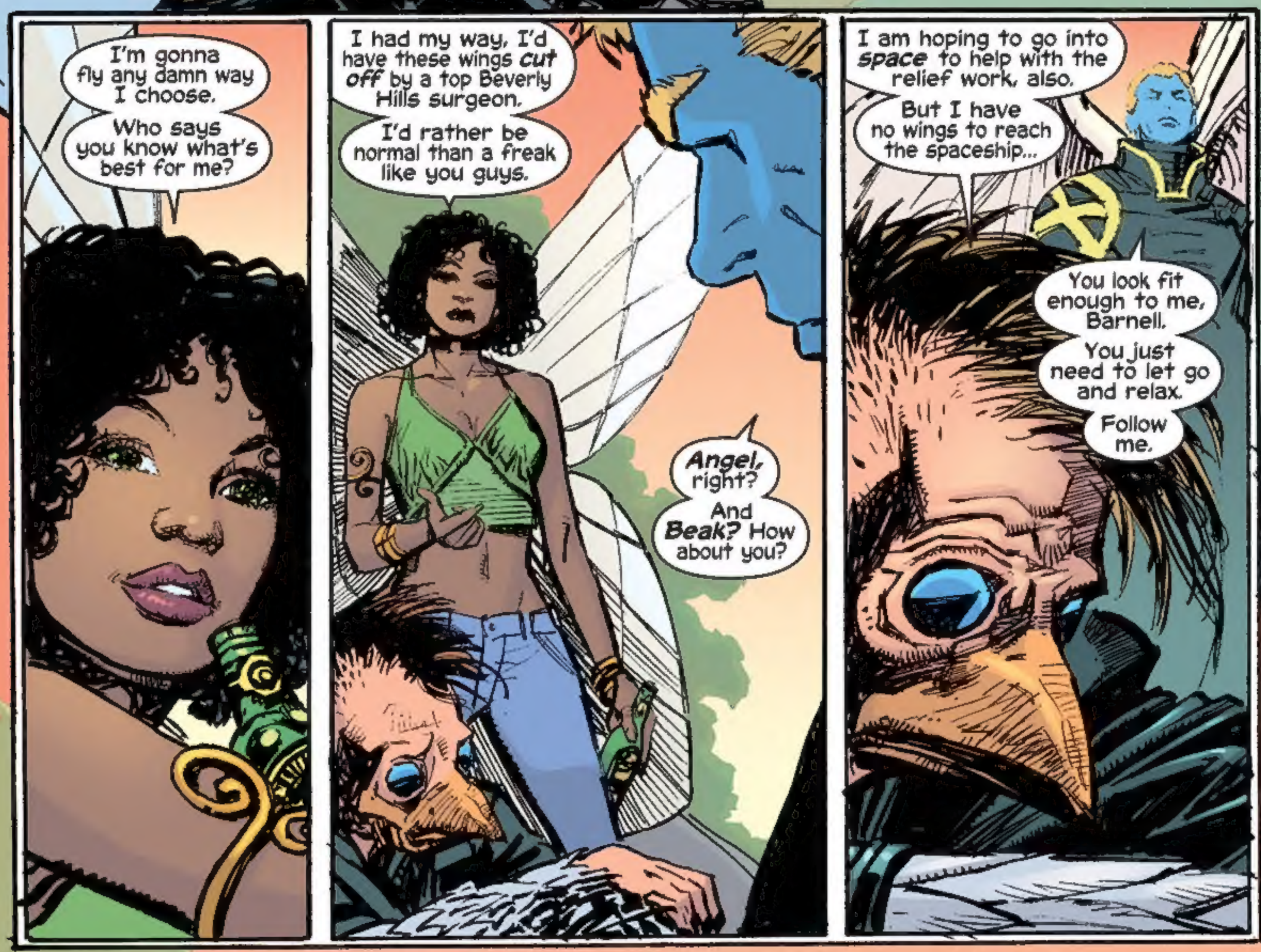
GRANT MORRISON WRITER JOHN PAUL LEON PENCILS BILL SIENKIEWICZ INKS CHRIS CHUCKRY COLORS RS & COMICRAFT; SAIDA! LETTERS ETHAN VAN SCIVER COVER MIKE RAICHT & NOVA SUMA ASSISTANT EDITORS MIKE MARTS EDITOR JOE QUESADA CHIEF BILL JEMAS PRESIDENT

XAVIER INSTITUTE, WESTCHESTER, NY

...so what I'm saying is whether you have feathers, skin, vanes or just very powerful levitational gifts, flying is really all about confidence and concentration...

...and here at the *Xavier Institute,* we value cooperation too, so look out for your classmates up there...

Frrrp!



Remember to sail on the peaks and troughs.

If you make it to the *Shi'ar* flagship, you can consider today's lesson well learned.

'Confidence and concentration'... look at 'em. All trying to be famous super heroes like teacher.

How about 'money and smugness' being all you need?

Calling himself *'Angel'!*

You want some of this, Beak? We'll go kick his tail into space!

His name is *'Archangel'*, it's a totally different thing!

Keep your beer and cigarettes -- I'm straight-edge hardcore.

My body is a *temple.*

Yeah, like a temple to *Satan,* you weirdo!

You really want to *go* with them into space?

What is there here for me?

Maybe out there with the space aliens...

...maybe there, a guy like me could seem normal.

Dream on.

There's *nothing* normal about this stupid place... least of all *you.*

If you hate the Xavier School so bad, why not *fly away?*
You at least can fly to join them.
Like I *wanna!*
I'm hanging with you because you make *me* realize there's *worse* things to be than me!

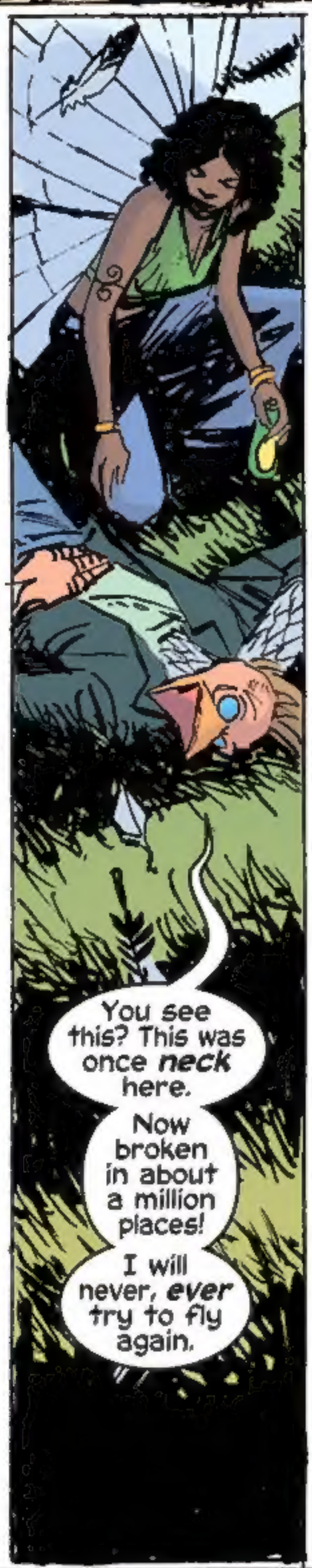
Yeah, yeah.
Well, this is normal for me -- to be the big joke, yeah?
Yup!
Buh-KAWW!
Kennn-tucky!
Oh no --

Buck-buck-AWWW!
"Where's Miss Frost so I can pretend not to be looking down her bra?"
Buck!
Oh, Yeah?

"Buck" you!
Buck.

Okay! Well done, everybody -- Skywalker, keep your arms tucked in when you want to go faster.

So who did we *lose* on the way up?



INSIDE THE INSTITUTE...

So, do I detect you're in *agreement* with Scott on this particular issue?

You think I'm being *deliberately* provocative?

Henry, darling, I'm one of the world's most renowned and prurient *telepathic* talents.

I actually know for *sure* that you've never had *any* kind of physical relationship with another man.

I even know you made hoax *phonecalls* to super heroes' headquarters when you were younger, didn't you?

I'M AS GAY AS IT GET

Always something of a practical joker, *hmm?*

The Institute's already being portrayed as some Boho experiment in mutant sociology. These outrageous statements you've been making do nothing but *fan* the flames of controversy.

I'M AS GAY AS IT GET

I'm doing this to challenge preconceived notions about language, *gender* and species.

I'm also learning to play the *drums.*

Please excuse me, Emma... I have medical class in five minutes.

Oh, and by the way, don't mess with Scott and Jean's *marriage.* It's undignified.

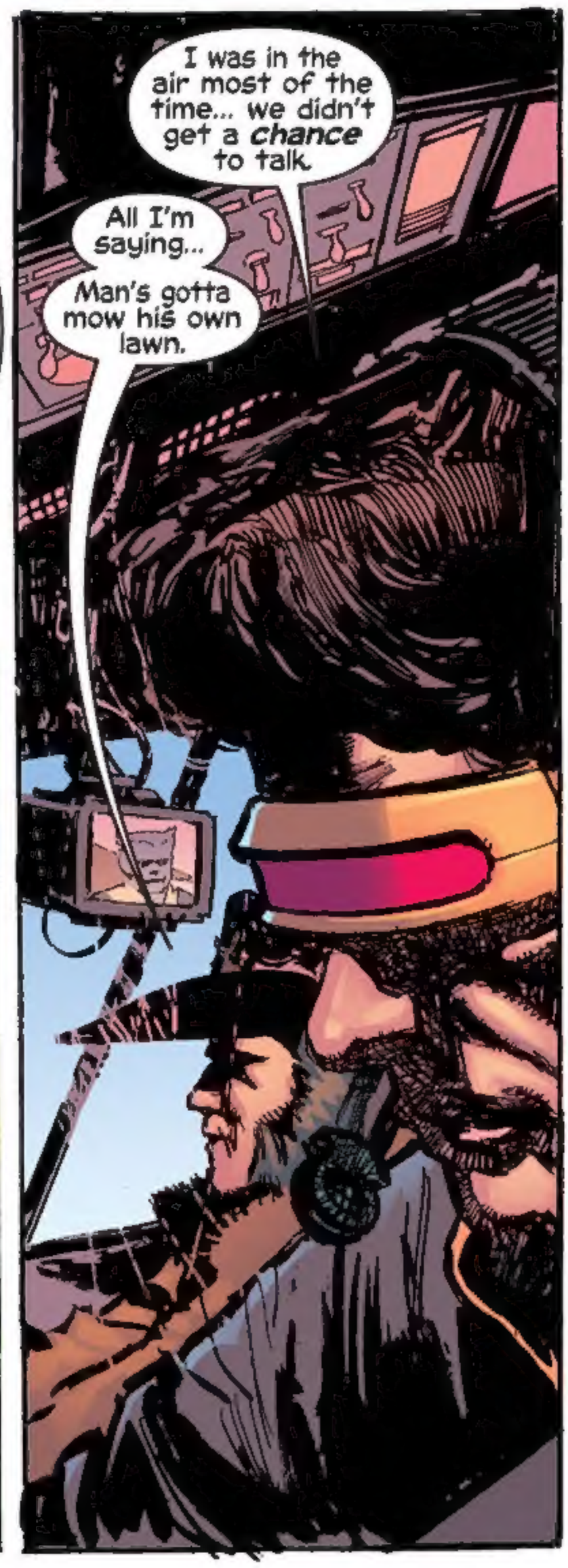
And Jean will *kill* you.

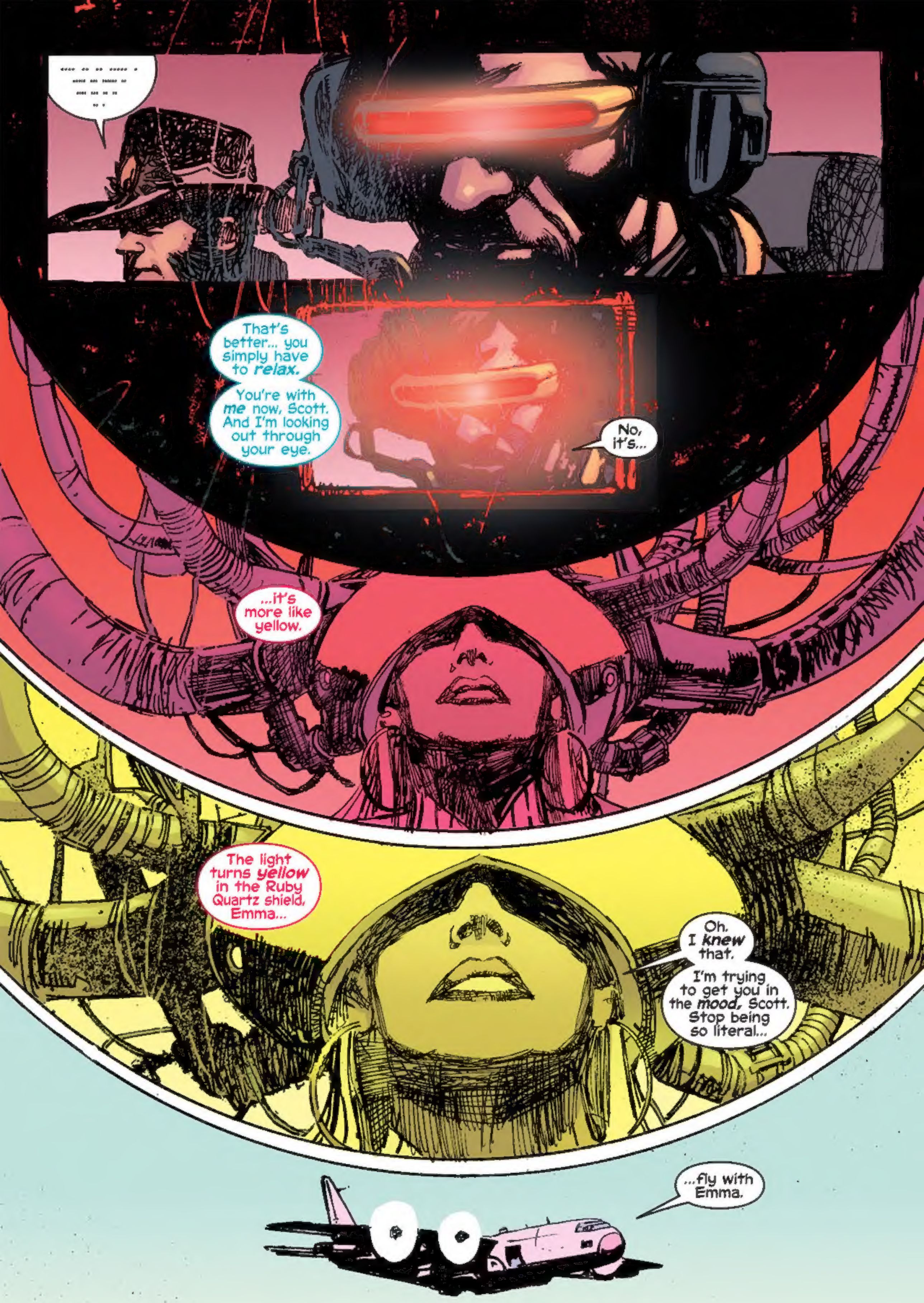
Hff!

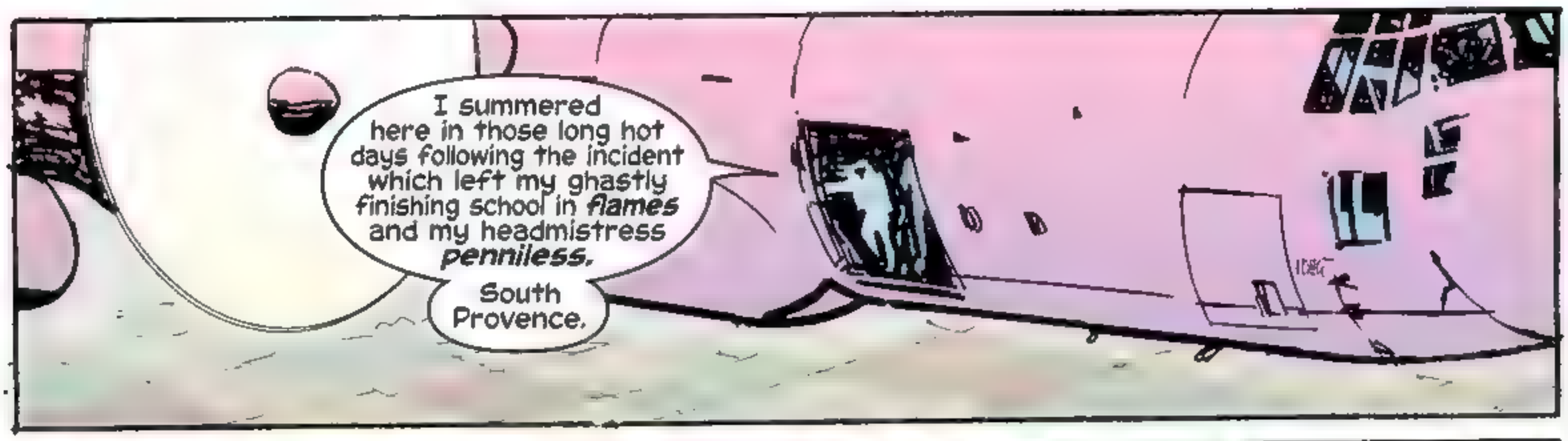
OVER FRANCE, THE X-PLANE

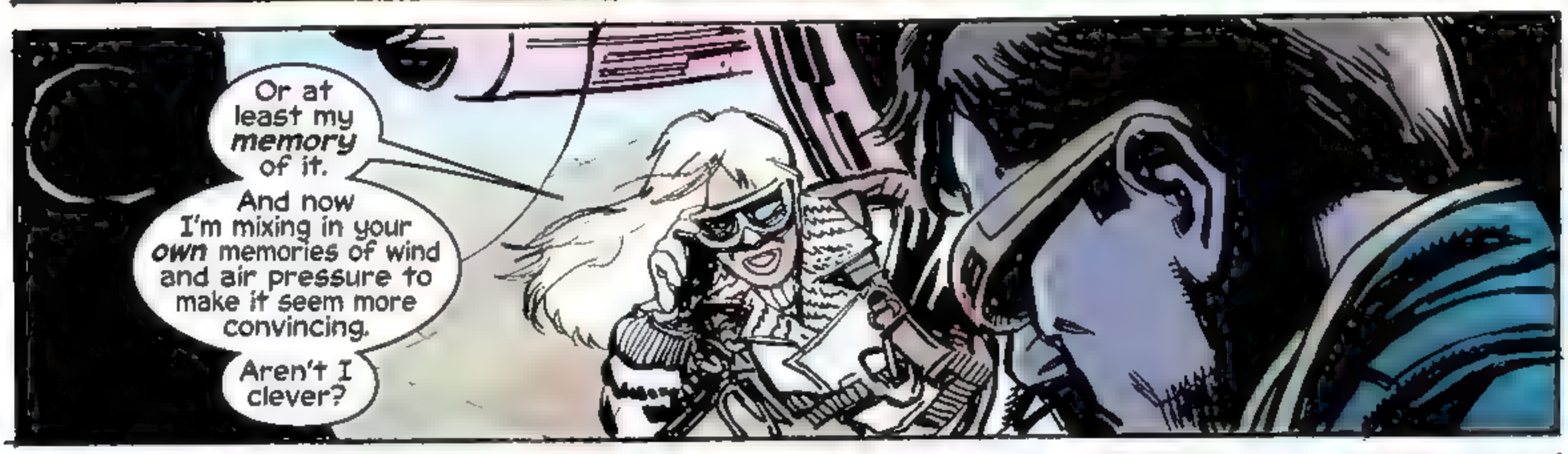
So how was *Madripoor*, Logan?

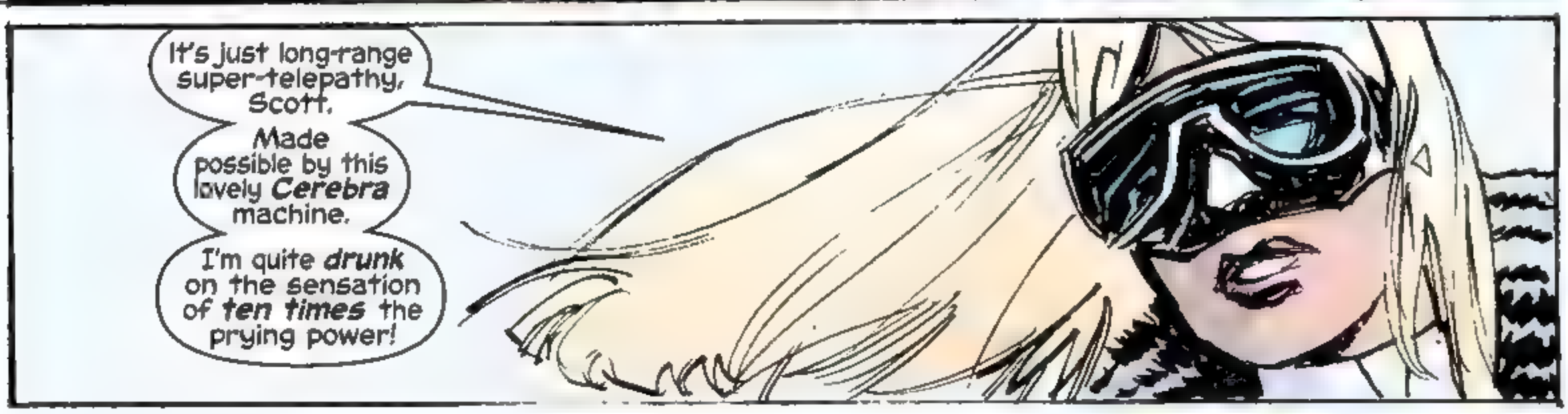
Kill anyone?




That's better... you simply have to *relax.*
You're with *me* now, Scott. And I'm looking out through your eye.
No, it's...
...it's more like yellow.
The light turns *yellow* in the Ruby Quartz shield, Emma...
Oh. I *knew* that.
I'm trying to get you in the *mood,* Scott. Stop being so literal...
...fly with Emma.


I summered here in those long hot days following the incident which left my ghastly finishing school in *flames* and my headmistress *penniless.*
South Provence.


Or at least my *memory* of it.
And now I'm mixing in your *own* memories of wind and air pressure to make it seem more convincing.
Aren't I clever?


It's just long-range super-telepathy, Scott.
Made possible by this lovely *Cerebra* machine.
I'm quite *drunk* on the sensation of *ten times* the prying power!

I need a little marriage guidance, Emma. That's all.

And that's exactly what we're going to do, Scott.
Trust me.

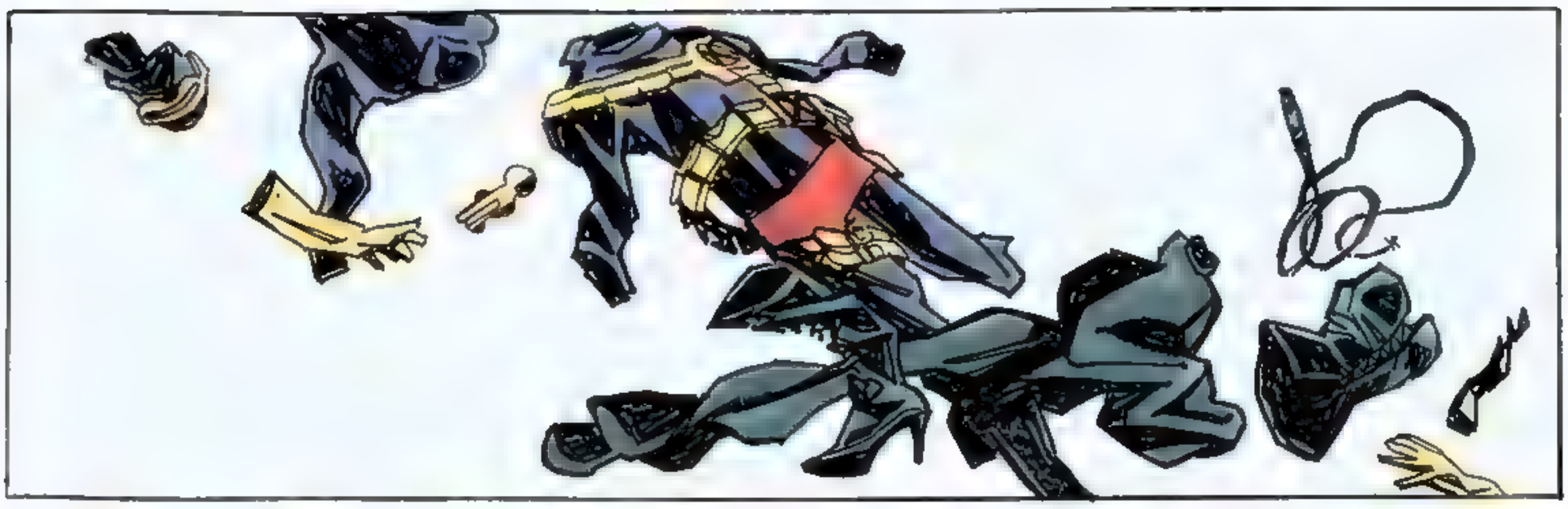
I've heard that one before.
Why can't you just be straight with me?

Why can't *everyone* just be straight with me?

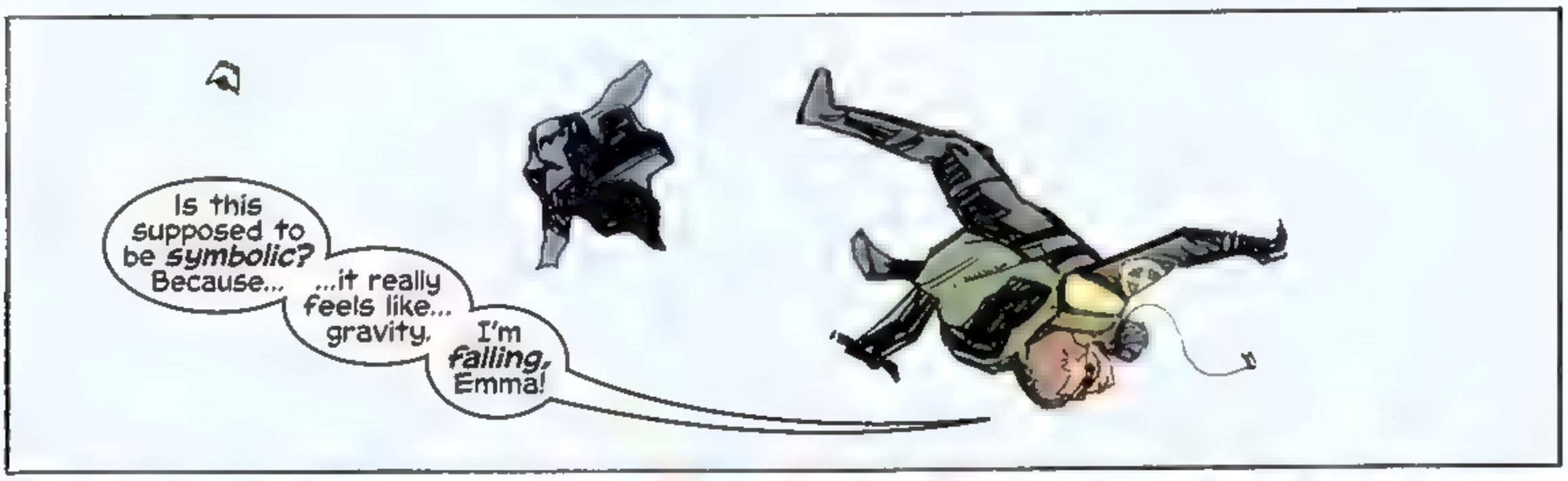
Because we live in a bendy world, dear.
Let go.

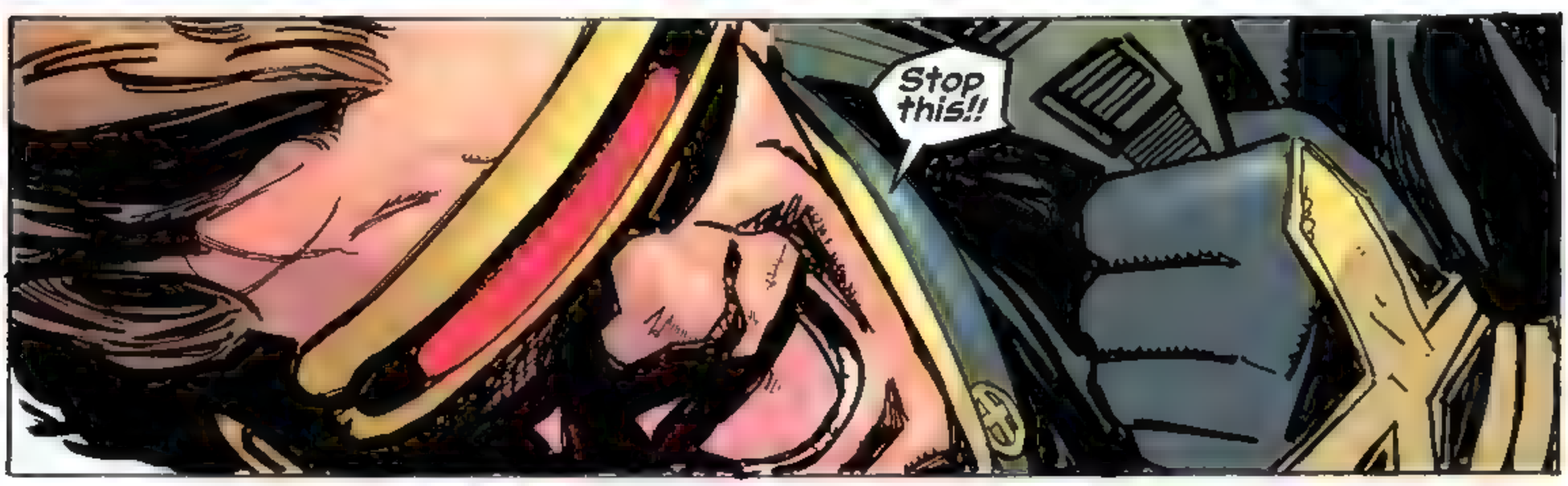
Tell all your troubles to Miss Frost.

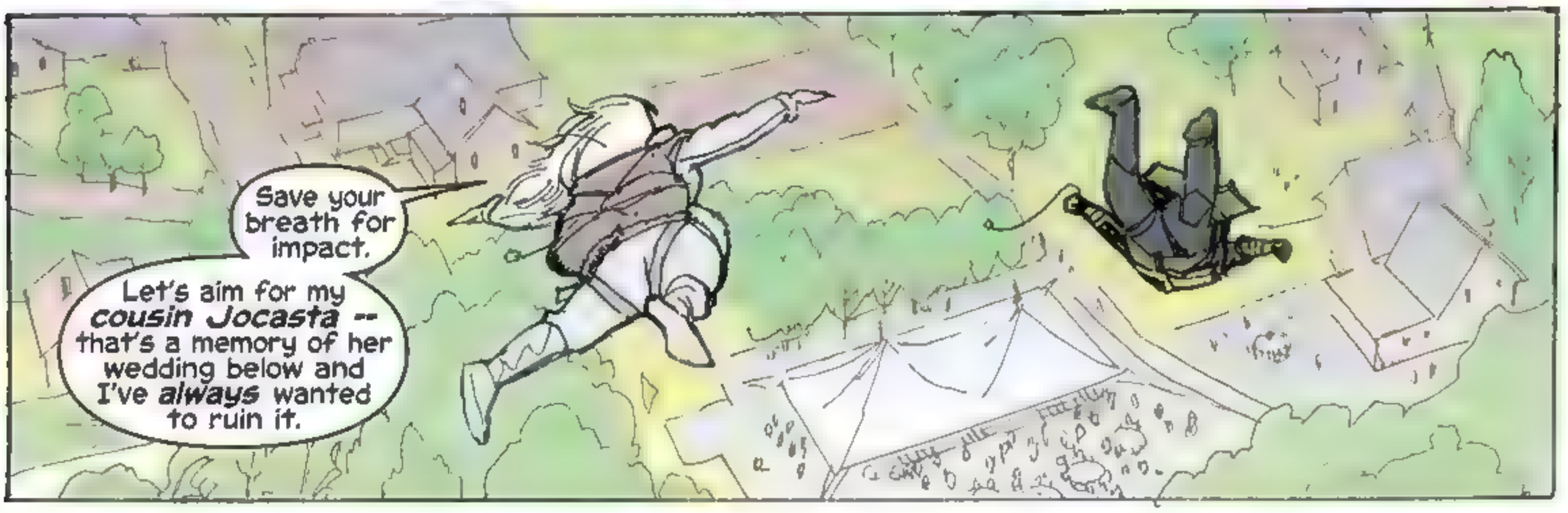
Emma?



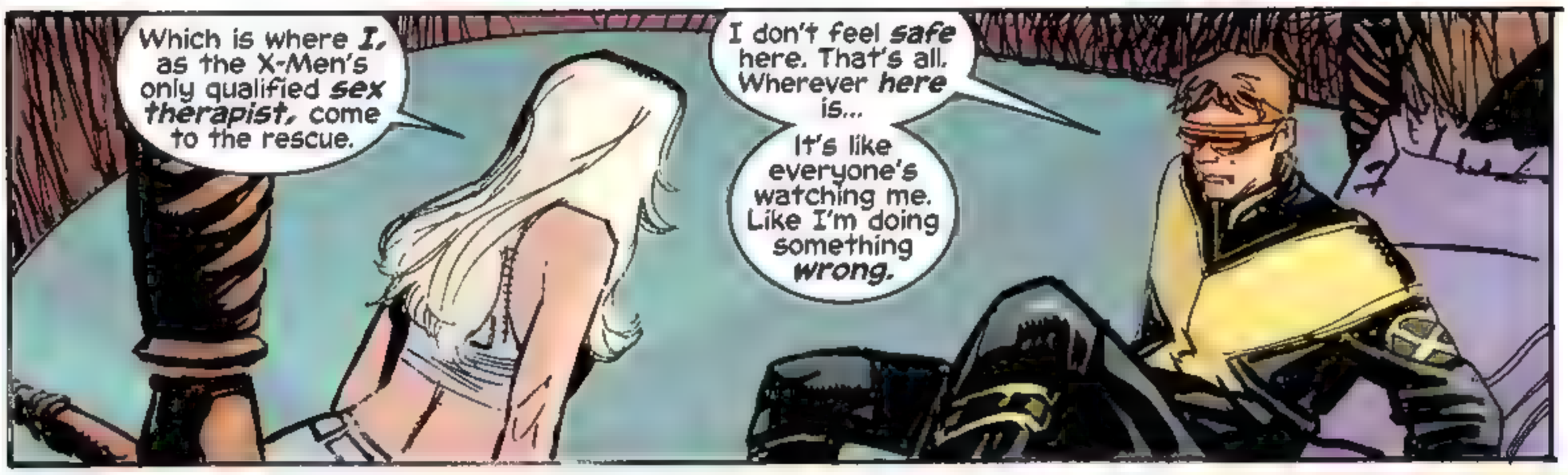
This isn't funny.

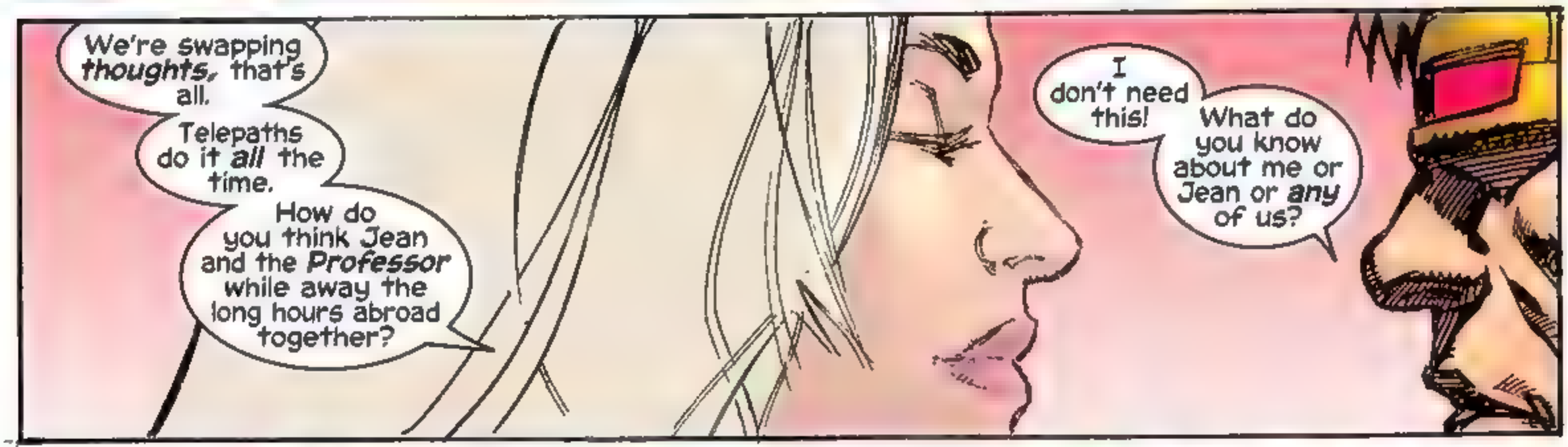

Is this supposed to be *symbolic?* Because...
...it really feels like... gravity.
I'm *falling,* Emma!

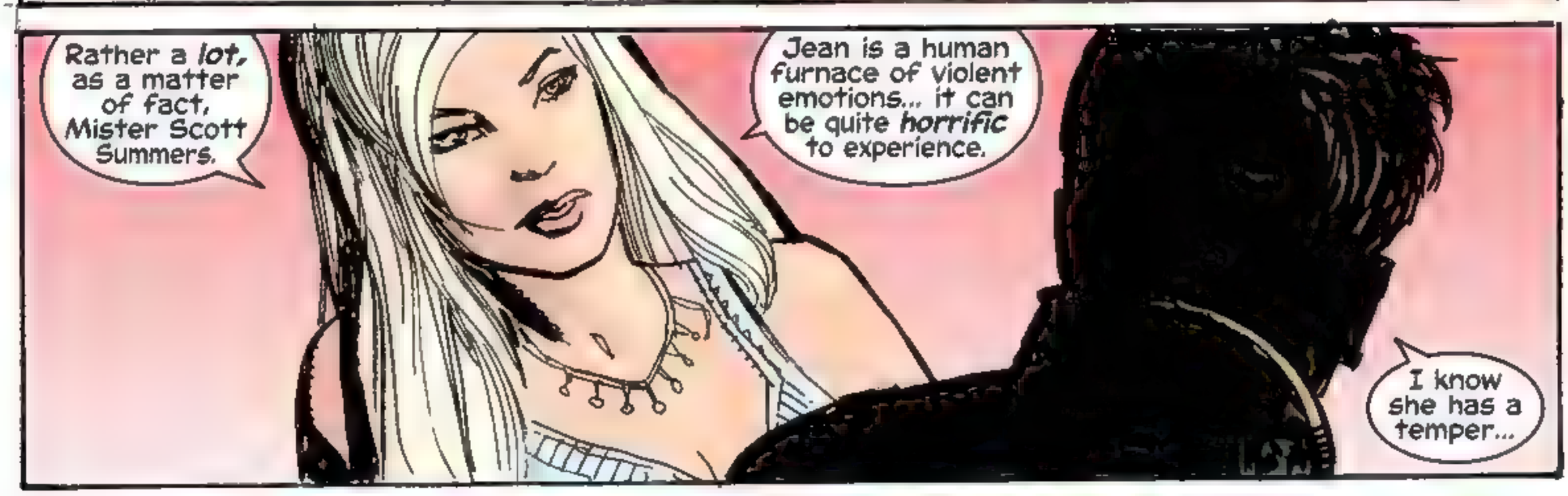

Stop this!!

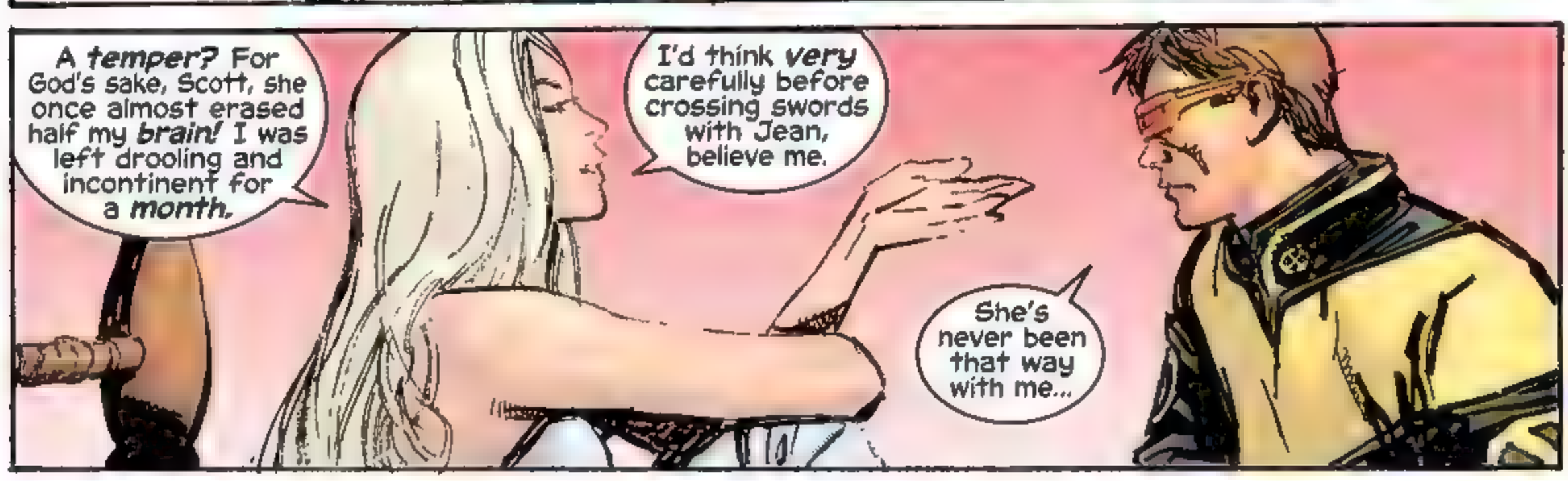

Save your breath for impact.
Let's aim for my *cousin Jocasta* -- that's a memory of her wedding below and I've *always* wanted to ruin it.

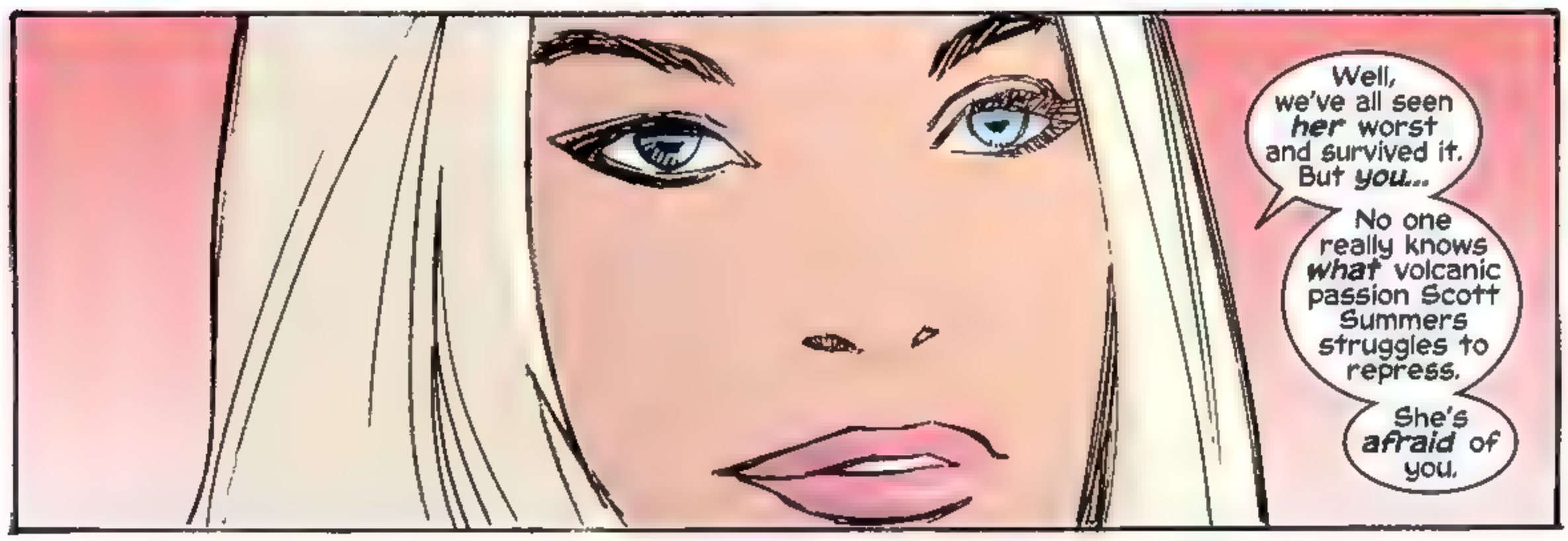
Good Heavens!
How did we end up *here?*
How terribly *meaningful.*
I only wanted to talk.
Trrrk!
Hey!
Yer daydreaming, Summers.
Get some rest. I'll bring us down.
Yeah.
Thanks, Logan. Thanks.
Take Logan's advice.
Your left brain can handle him yapping away like a dog.
Your right brain needs all the help it can get.


Which is where *I*, as the X-Men's only qualified *sex therapist*, come to the rescue.
I don't feel *safe* here. That's all. Wherever *here* is...
It's like everyone's watching me. Like I'm doing something *wrong*.


We're swapping *thoughts*, that's all.
Telepaths do it *all* the time.
How do you think Jean and the *Professor* while away the long hours abroad together?
I don't need this!
What do you know about me or Jean or *any* of us?


Rather a *lot*, as a matter of fact, Mister Scott Summers.
Jean is a human furnace of violent emotions... it can be quite *horrific* to experience.
I know she has a temper...

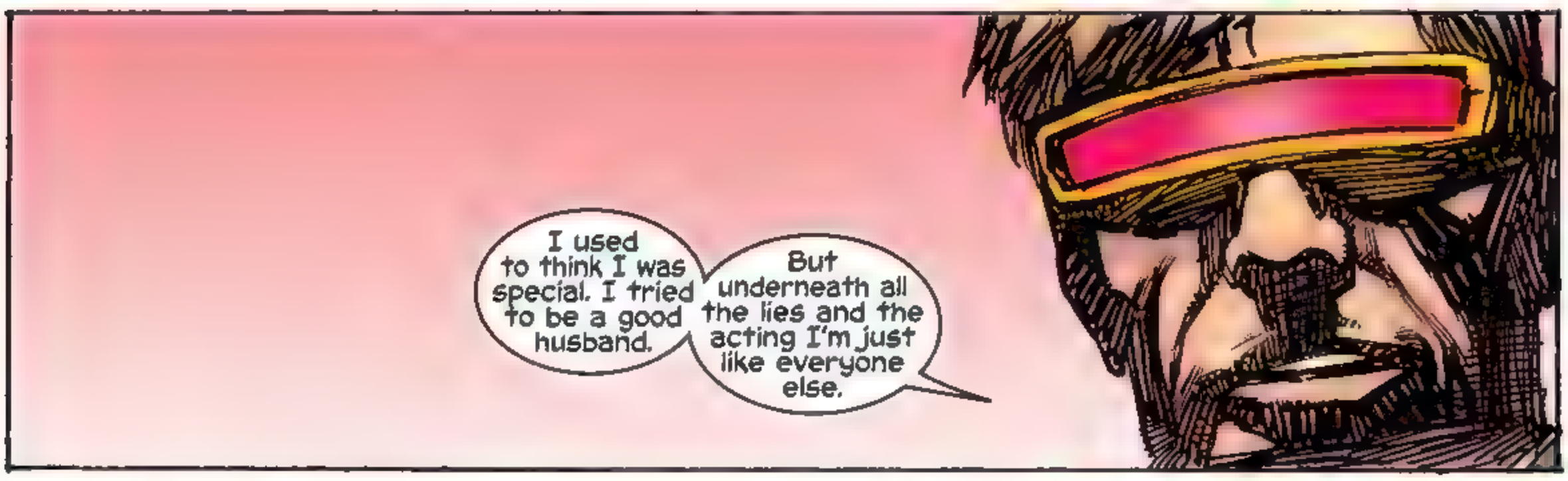

A *temper?* For God's sake, Scott, she once almost erased half my *brain!* I was left drooling and incontinent for a *month*.
I'd think *very* carefully before crossing swords with Jean, believe me.
She's never been that way with me...

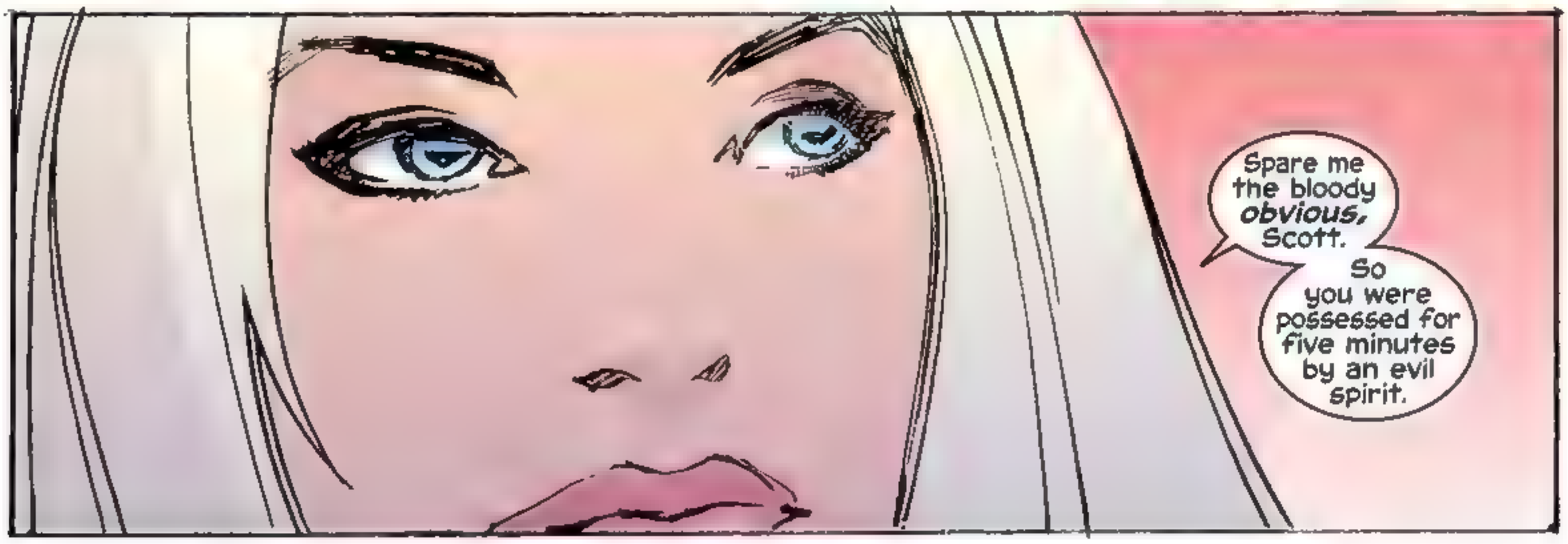

Well, we've all seen *her* worst and survived it. But *you*...
No one really knows *what* volcanic passion Scott Summers struggles to repress.
She's *afraid* of you.

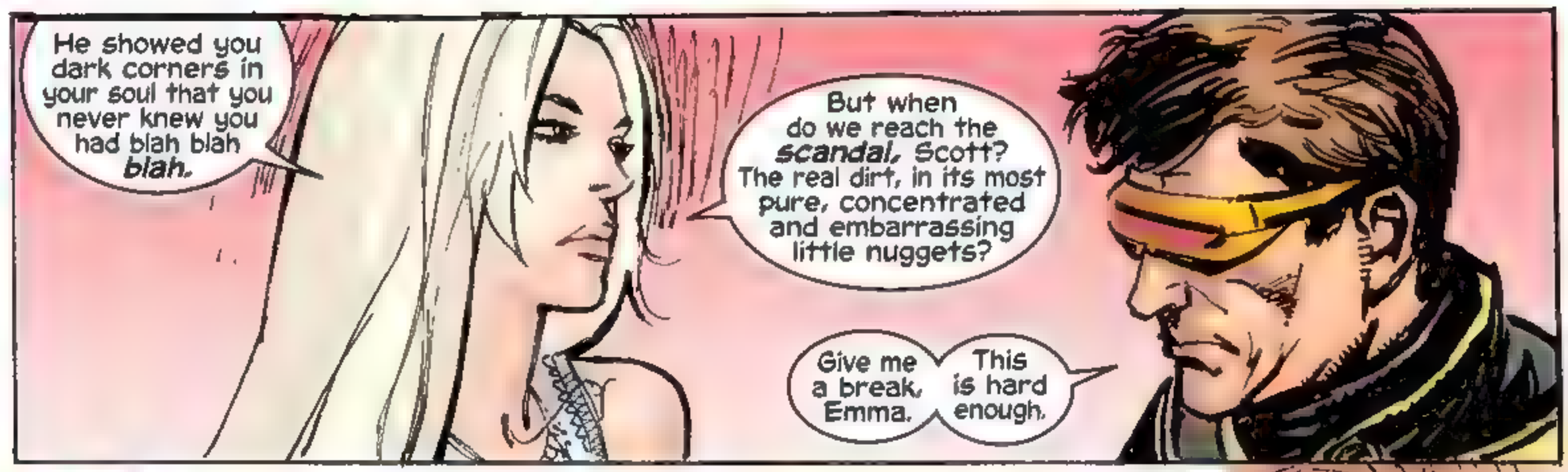
I would never hurt Jean.
No matter what.
I think *she* knows that, too.

You *think* she knows, but you've never really told her.
Why is that, Scott? What's the big optic blast you're holding back from us this time?

Are you afraid you'll blow Jean to *smithereens* if you tell her you don't love her anymore?
I'll always love her... it's just...
...we've both changed so much... everything's changed.


I used to think I was special. I tried to be a good husband.
But underneath all the lies and the acting I'm just like everyone else.


Spare me the bloody *obvious,* Scott.
So you were possessed for five minutes by an evil spirit.


He showed you dark corners in your soul that you never knew you had blah blah *blah.*
But when do we reach the *scandal,* Scott? The real dirt, in its most pure, concentrated and embarrassing little nuggets?
Give me a break, Emma.
This is hard enough.

The perfect marriage of the world's most beloved mutant heroes has fallen into *ruin.*
Where? How? Why and when did it all go *so wrong?*

I think there's only one way to find out...
...we'll play a little game of super heroes and heroines, shall we?

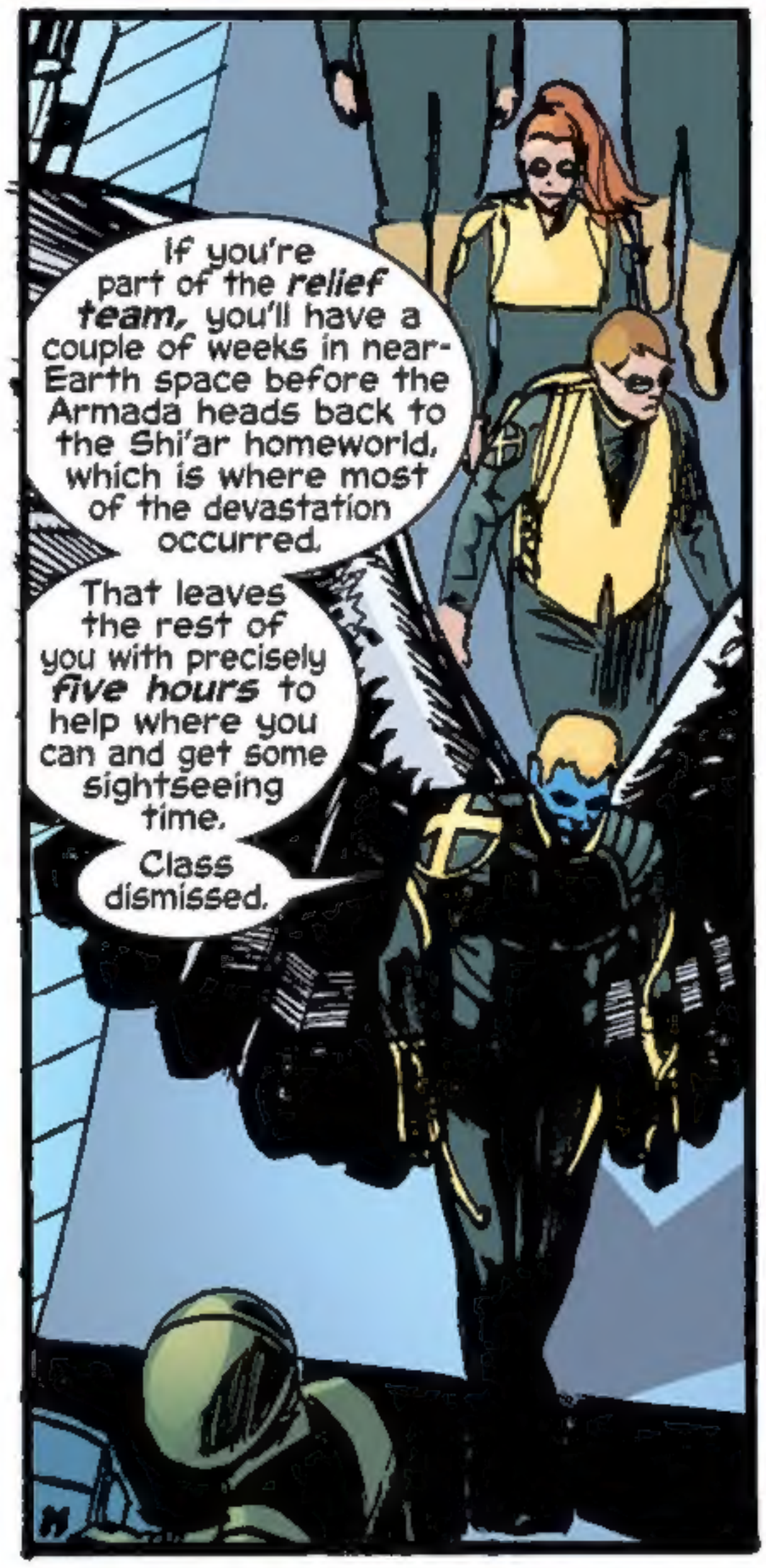
You be Scott.
And I'll be *Jean.*

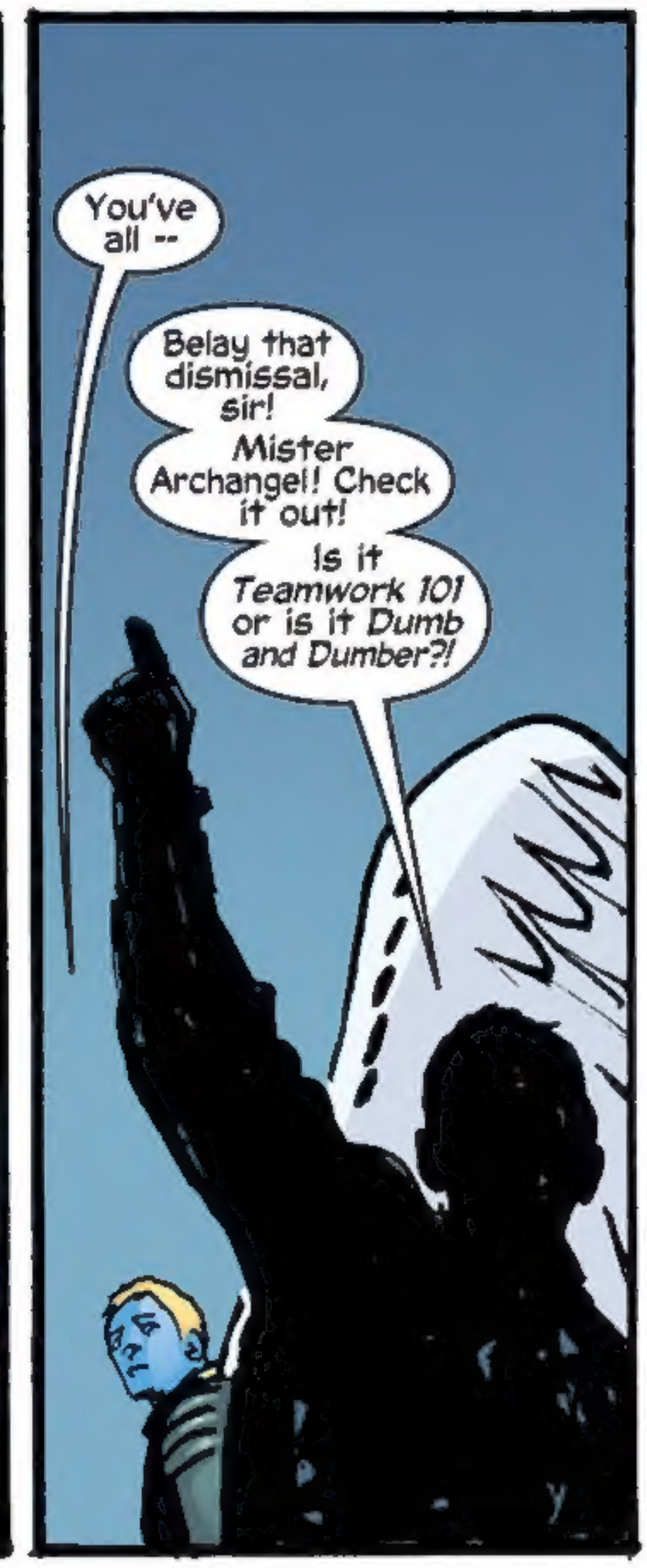
Is this still telepathic therapy, Emma?
Or are we having some kind of weird *affair* now?

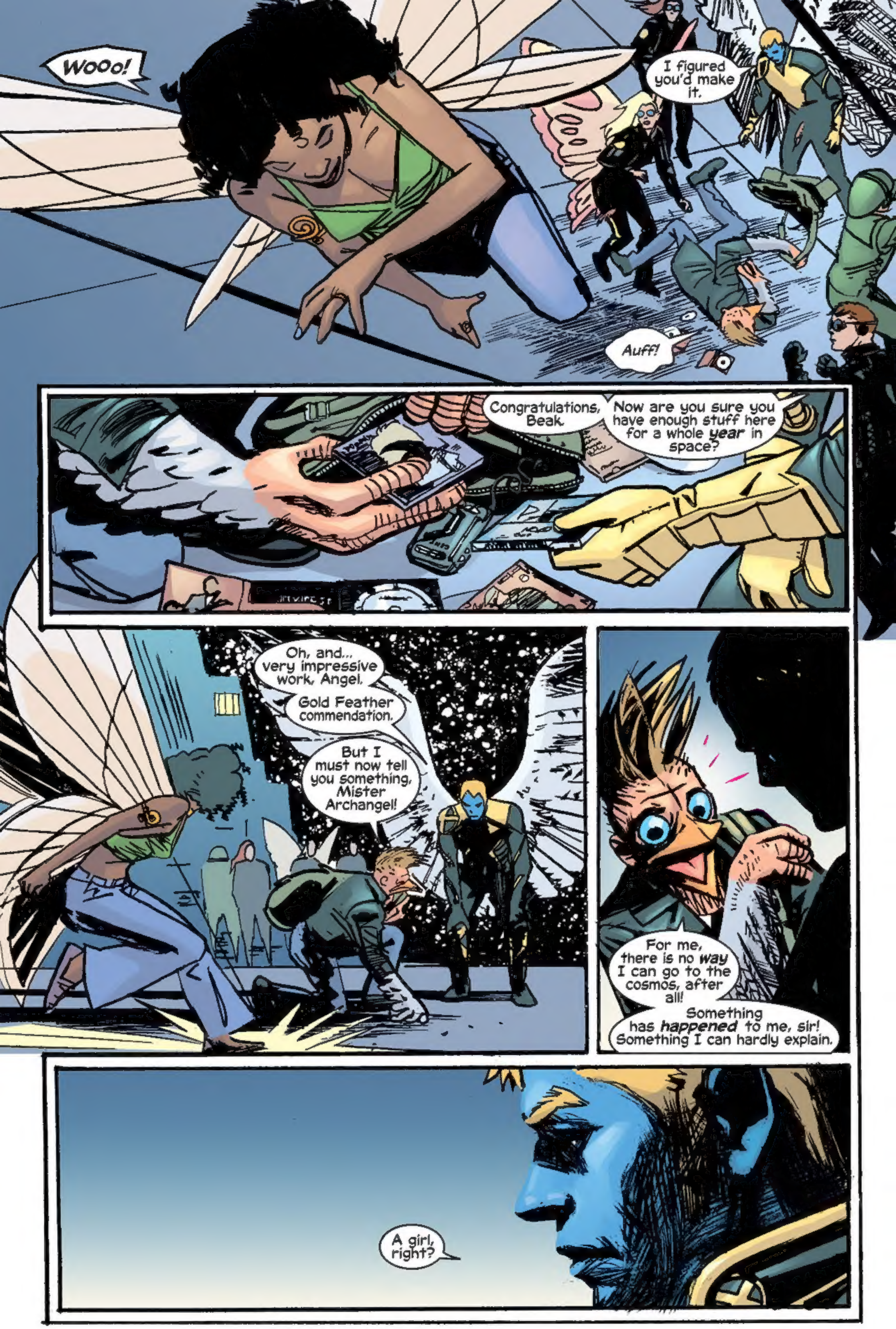
ABOARD THE SHI'AR CRUISER

The ship leaves at dawn to rendezvous with the surviving vessels of Lilandra's Imperial Armada on the dark side of the Moon.

I know it sounds like the concept album from hell, but it's true...



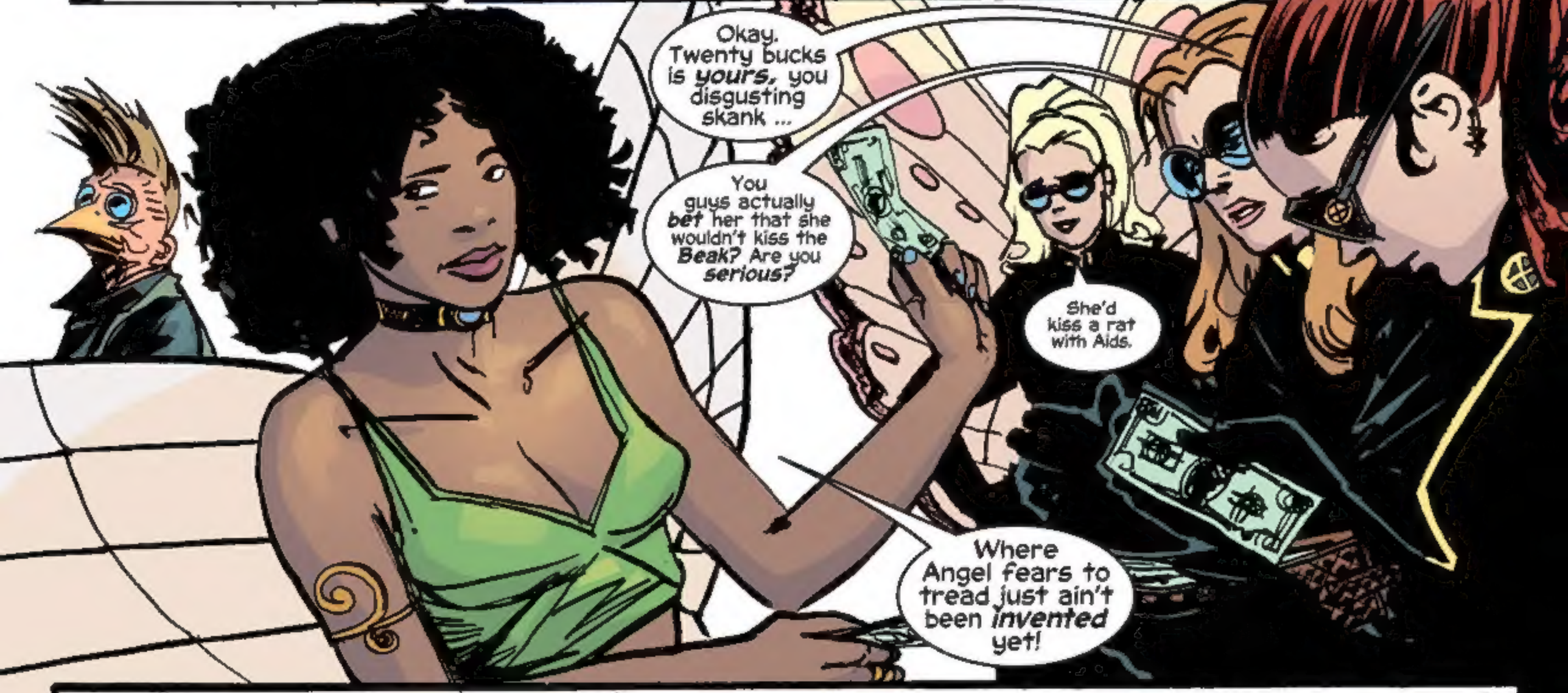



WOOo!
I figured you'd make it.
Auff!
Congratulations, Beak.
Now are you sure you have enough stuff here for a whole year in space?
Oh, and... very impressive work, Angel.
Gold Feather commendation.
But I must now tell you something, Mister Archangel!
For me, there is no way I can go to the cosmos, after all!
Something has happened to me, sir! Something I can hardly explain.
A girl, right?

There was like... like a *rainbow* in her wings!
I have to stay here now.
No girl has ever *kissed* me before but...

...she *kissed* me!
WAKAW!

For real!


Okay. Twenty bucks is *yours,* you disgusting skank ...
You guys actually *bet* her that she wouldn't kiss the *Beak?* Are you *serious?*
She'd kiss a rat with Aids.
Where Angel fears to tread just ain't been *invented* yet!

Hello, Universe.
This is the greatest day of my life.

So, anyway... I am power and song and life incarnate...
...but the truth is, no matter how hard I try, I can't help playing with *fire.*
How about you, darling?
Sure, Jean.
Why not?
TO BE CONTINUED